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MY NEXT IMITATION

BY

HOLWORTHY HALL

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MY NEXT IMITATION

BY

HOLWORTHY HALL pseud.

Harold E. Porter

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ALIBI

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The HARVARD LAMPOON also ran.

H. H.

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This volume is respectfully dedicated to

L. C. SMITH

Without whose typewriter most of the within gems would have been written in long hand

ALSO

To the following unsuspecting parties:

R. Kipling
Walt Whitman
Stephen Leacock
Mary Northend
Maxim Gorky
R. W. Babson
Walter Camp
Henri Matisse
G. R. Chester
Samuel Johnson
James Boswell
W. S. Gilbert
Richard Le Gallienne
The New York *Sun*
Arnold Bennett

Rooters, Indians, Roommates, Cubists, Etc.

EPITHALAMIUM

(*The result of a second-hand copy of Walt Whitman.*)

I SING the song of the June bride;
I sing it impartially to suffragette, vegetarian, stenographer, cubist, Armenian, dressmaker or débutante.
I sing the June bride out of step to the wedding march;
The thankful mother weeping copiously on her jabot;
The father rejoicing as a young man to run in debt;
The bridesmaids ingenuously memorizing the ritual.
I sing the June bride, and as a quaint novelty in the manner of Walt Whitman I append a transient thought for the bridegroom;
Rah, rah, rah! Bridegroom!
I salute you, bridegroom, whether you are a namby-pamby milk lusher, or a turkey trotter, or a bull-mooser, or a single-taxer, or a deliberate and unqualified falsifier, or a curly wolf from the Back Bay, Boston, Mass.
That's me every time—that's the kind of man I am; that's the way I write poetry.

O happy, happy day!
O happy caterer, and O happy bride!
O trebly happy occasion if no relative, no fortuitously related malefactor of great wealth was omitted from the list of invitations.
I earnestly trust that no salt adulterates the ice cream; I breathe anathema against a caterpillar on the orange blossoms. I crave no false note in the hired choir, and I see no reason why these young people should not be joined asunder.
O joyous day of the wedding when no reporter forgets to report the silver bon-bon forks, rarebit forks, pickle forks, cold meat forks, pudding forks, salad forks, tuning forks, dessert forks, and the inevitable art lamp shade for the living room.

And especially happy day if there are no marked duplicates among the wedding gifts.

I sing the epithalamium to the bride.

Let her name be Kelly or Rosenthal or Duchamps or Vogelweide or Stavoropolo or Garcia or Smith;

Let her be a string-bean or a perfecto shape, and let her be blonde, brunette or a subject for arbitration.

Indifferent to the above, I praise the wedding reception marshalled on the general principles of the bread line;

I hymn the wedding breakfast at three o'clock in the afternoon;

I glorify the police interference at the church; and I laud the clergyman sending in a statement on the first of the month instead of demanding settlement on a cash basis.

O cheerful news that the decorators have finally finished the job; O thankful statement that the confetti neglected to arrive;

O gladsome tidings that the best man is still in possession of the ring.

O secret rumor that the happy couple are bound for Niagara Falls, Switzerland, Atlantic City, Rome (Italy), Rome (N. Y.), Dresden, Muncie, or to olive-silvery Hoboken-by-the-Tube.

On to the church! On to the ceremony! On to the free lunch!

O bride, you who cleverly crossing your fingers promise to obey whomsoever you marry that he may obey you;

And bridegroom, pledging your worldly goods as an endowment or a schedule of liabilities as the case may be;

I sing your wedding song not because I claim any especial merit in singing wedding songs, but because of an insatiate desire to sing something.

And to brides and bridegrooms, male and female, civilized, semi-civilized and barbarous, living whether in Harlem flats or Kedar's tents or Fifth Avenue palaces or instalment bungalows out in the rhubarb belt, I lilt this recessional to wish you purer food and better babies and fewer divorces and

a lower cost of living, not to mention an increasing love
for uplifting, inspiring, imperishable lyrics such as mine.
(The applause accented, as in the *Congressional Record.*)

And you who are not June bridegrooms, nor yet June brides,
Remembering always that men should marry when they will,
and maidens when they can——
You should worry.

THE SAME OLD CHRISTMAS STORY

(*Being a Swipe from Stephen Leacock*)

IT was Christmas Eve. The lights and decorations, and the display of February magazines on the brilliantly illuminated newsstands almost beggared description. Lower Broadway was densely packed with starving orphans. Some of them starved audibly. Little children stood weeping in front of toyshop and bakery windows; and a few of the kinder proprietors, overcome by the spirit of the season, forgot their traditional aversion to this sort of thing, and let them weep as much as they liked. One of the biggest doughnut princes went so far as to show them just where they could stand when they did it.

Long lines of constables armed with foreclosure papers filed steadily up and down the snowy streets. The shouts of the police, as they gaily arrested the prodigal sons who always drift homeward at this time of year, were so frequent that they sounded like a continuous Harvard cheer.

Think of the fear gripping at the heart of the bank clerk who, when his babies were wailing pitiably for a well-known brand of advertised milk, mortgaged the bank, and finds the interest due to-night. Think of the pain in the heart of the wayward boy as he remembers those happy days when he was sixteen or seventeen years old, prattling merrily about the house on Christmas Eve, busily putting up the same old bluff that he believed in Santa Claus. Think of the thousands of mothers whose souls are torn in anguish this night, because Willie did

not come home. And after her laying for him since six o'clock with the potato masher, too. Isn't it heart-rending to consider the tragedy and the comedy of Christmas Eve, with the snow falling faster and faster yet, and the street cleaning department having to work overtime? Yes, it is heart-rending; most of all for the members of the street cleaning department.

Out of the door of the Seaview Golf Club on the corner of Fourth and Fifth Avenues came Percy DeCalcomania. He was so fashionably dressed that he was almost out of style. He was clad in up-to-the-minute suitings, shirtings, pantings, vestings, overcoatings and a malacca cane. Close to the curb his limousine kept pace with him. It was filled with the advance styles in overcoatings, suitings, shirtings and pantings for the next fifteen or twenty minutes, so that in case the fashions changed while he was on the street, Percy could dodge into the limousine and change, too, reappearing once more as a clean-limbed specimen of American manhood.

On the threshold of another club the young millionaire suddenly halted. Standing in the doorway he halted some more, and turning, still at a halt, he cast his patrician glance out over the glittering panorama of Fifth Avenue. Something in him stirred and struggled for expression. He opened his mouth, and very unobtrusively, as his parents had told the governess to teach him, he closed it. All by himself. You would have been convinced that something was on his mind, and only his very closest friends could have told you that it was merely his hat.

The spirit of Christmas was rising in the soul of Percy DeCalcomania, and he felt it.

"Bristles!" he said sharply to his chauffeur, who was in reality the Duke of Westchester, doing it on a bet.

"Are you there?" replied the Englishman respectfully.

"Bristles, what day is it?"

"The four and twentieth of the eleventh, sir."

"In other words, Christmas Eve?"

"Yes, sir," said Bristles, after hardly more than a minute's calculation. "Yes, sir—one might call it that, sir."

"Very good," approved the young millionaire. "Peace on earth, good form among gentlemen, eh?"

"No doubt, sir. That is the general tendency, sir."

DeCalcomania went into the club, and, seating himself at a cocktail table, rang the cocktail gong.

"Boy," he said, "Merry Christmas!"

There was no answer. The boy had not yet arrived.

Percy rang the gong again, and after waiting fully six seconds without response, he snapped his fingers petulantly, and clapped one hand. Then he went to the next table where he rang a highball gong. Then he said, "How perfectly beastly!" Then he pulled the whistle cord.

A boy glided gently into the room, and stood trembling.

"Bring me a match," said the young millionaire kindly.

"Tell me, my lad, why the delay, kid, why the delay?"

"Please, sir," replied the urchin, stepping to one side so as not to sob on the priceless rugs, 'to-morrow's Christmas....and we..we..we're playing poker to buy presents for our mothers."

Again the spirit of the day welled up and smote Percy across the thorax with a resounding thump. Even the small boys, it seemed, were giddy with the glory of the day which is unique in this respect, that it comes but once in any given period of time.

"Here," said the young clubman, in a sudden burst of generosity. "You can keep the rest of the match as a souvenir, my lad. Merry Christmas!"

Left alone in the vast clubroom, Percy DeCalcomania leaned back in his chair and thought. Christmas! He thought how little he had ever thought of Christmas before, and how little he had ever done to make the world a pleasanter place to live in. Christmas! How queer and unpleasant it would seem to be living anywhere else. Christmas! How much he could have done if he had only had a chance—if he had only had time to spare from his gigantic business enterprises, which daily rolled higher and higher his piles of sodden gold. His conscience gnawed him, and at first he belligerently gnawed back, but overcome at length with the memory of his past life, he gradually allowed himself to weaken, and to suffer violently. Yes, he told himself with a great throb of exaltation, he couldn't be so very worthless after all, for he could still suffer. He suffered for some time without interruption.

Christmas! What could he do to observe the spirit of the day? He thought of the poor, and he remembered hearing once that twenty-five thousand of them are crying for bread. He listened intently, and dismissed the report as unsupported by evidence. Should he endow a library? No. Should he build a church? No. Should he take the orphans on a joy-ride? No. Should he pay his debts? Never.

And yet, while the snow continued to fall softly amid the muffled curses of the street cleaners, the soul of Percy DeCalcomania was seared with sorrow, and soaked with sentiment. What the day demanded of him was self-sacrifice, renunciation, and atonement. He decided that he would begin by sacrificing cigars. He followed this by renouncing cigar-holders. He atoned for both these decisions by lighting a cigarette. Then he leaned back again, and began to plan a lasting monument of the charity and mercy and benevolence of Percy DeCalcomania.

II

In a humble tenement on Park Avenue a widow sat surrounded by her starving children. The oldest of them was a gentle boy of not more than forty-two or three years of age; and the youngest was a delicate lass of 185 pounds Fahrenheit, who had now seen seven happy summers. The other twenty-eight she had been released on parole. The widow herself was embroidering red

and green lobsters on a canvas derrick-cover by the faint glimmer of a single flaming arc light, which was the sole illumination of the tiny room.

"Mother," said the oldest boy, "I'm hungry!"

"Hush, dear," said the feeble widow, patiently hitting him over the head to quiet him. "If I can only finish this derrick-cover in another couple of weeks, we will soon have food again. Ah, the beautiful food! Little does Percy DeCalcomania, the rich derrick-maker, know how we suffer!"

The oldest boy got up and bit off a large piece of plaster that jutted out from the south-west wall. The smallest girl, who was too young for such Spartan diet, sniffed pitiably, and fell to playing solitaire with a deck of picture postcards. The other children, faint and pale with hunger, huddled in a corner on the heap of hay that served them as a bed, and shivered.

"Oh, mother," they cried, "we're so cold!"

The poor widow, equal to every emergency, took the door off the hinges, and laid it gently over them. Soon they slept. The youngest girl, having caught herself cheating at solitaire, slapped her own face, and cried herself to sleep. The oldest boy ran to his mother's off knee.

"Mother," he said, "why do you work so hard, and why do you always look so sad? Is there no hope for an easy job for you somewhere? Is there no moral justice in this great city?"

"No," she told him, "not one." And then she added, "I work to buy food for my little ones."

"But why are you so sad?"

"Ah," she said, hastily wiping away a tear, lest it should fall upon and injure the delicate fabric, "that is for your sake, my dear. It is so that you can sleep peacefully and without fear."

"Let me help you," begged her brave little son. "Please, mother, let me help you! I am big and strong now—I will go to sleep at once without the least inconvenience. And if, as you hint, we shall have food soon—say by the middle of January—all will be well."

"Good night, brave lad," she said tenderly. A few minutes later she paused in her weary task to listen rapturously to her sleeping children. As she listened the sordid room faded away, and she fancied herself again in her childhood home on R. F. D. No. 4, Musquash Creek, where her father's house was next to a planing mill. Then she patiently resumed her never-ending task. And it was Christmas Eve! She grew hungrier and hungrier! Another fortnight before she could buy more food! She writhed. She reeled. She was rapidly going from bad to worse. She was a quarter crazy—a quarter....up an eighth!.....a half.....*five eights....!*

"Children!" she shrieked. "I have it! Get up! Get up!"

Almost immediately there was a knock on the door. The knocker will enter inside the next thousand words.

III

Percy DeCalcomania, driven to the last ditch of remorse, got a piece of paper, and resigned from the club. That was an act of charity. Then he resigned from another club. That was a sign of benevolence. Then, rejoicing in the abnegation of self, he resigned from sixteen other clubs. The members thereof would have called it an indication of mercy. Then he threw the resignations in the fire. That was because he was cold.

His brain was struggling to concentrate upon some worthy object of his reclaimed soul, when he chanced to look at the clock. It was a typical club clock. It struck nine, and as the hands were pointing to twenty-seven minutes of four, that proved that it was about half past ten. It was growing late....yes, later than that. What should he do? What *could* he do? Christmas! Charity! To whom? Who to?

Like a lightning flash he thought of the poor derrick-cover maker in her dingy tenement, embroidering that never-ending decorative border of red and green lobsters on the derrick-cover for four cents a square foot. Twenty-four hours a day she toiled, and if she got any sleep, it come out of her time. Yes, the poor little embroiderer of Park Avenue—why had he not thought of her sooner?

(Answer on the dotted line.....)

Silently he rose, and prepared to erect that monument of charity which should be more imperishable than

bronze. He filled his pockets with edible viands from the cafe—crackers and cheese, and hot, nourishing beef-stew; he loaded his arms with toys for the children—oil paintings, and de-luxe editions, and priceless Balkan rugs from the clubrooms—yes, he had something for every member of the family, and with his load, he staggered out to Fifth Avenue.

The street was slippery with thousands of dollars worth of ice, but he staggered steadily onward. He fell frequently, breaking something nearly every time. Once it was a soda-cracker; once it was a Baluchistan rug; once it was a couple of legs, but still he staggered on. His ears were frost-bitten; his nose was nipped by the bitter cold; his beef stew was frozen solid, but on he staggered until after a fearful journey the fitful lights of Park Avenue rose before him, and he saw that his desperate quest was nearly over.

Panting, exhausted, but perfectly happy and contented in the consciousness of his awakened self, he stumbled into the hallway of the tenement. Up one flight. Up two flights. Up three flights. Up four flights. Up five flights. Up six flights. Up seven flights. Up eight flights. Up nine fl—and then he remembered that the widow lived on the third floor.

He gained the landing. He knocked on where the door had been with a piece of Camembert cheese, which he had brought for the baby. The door wasn't there—it was inside—but Percy didn't notice it. His soul was above such things. He knocked more loudly, this time

with the Edam. A chorus of shouts greeted him. He turned where the knob had been, and went in.

"A merry Chr——a mer——"

He stopped, and allowed his gifts to fall to the floor. Including the beef stew, they made a considerable impression. His charity had come too late. Far too late. A happy family smiled healthily at him. The widow had saved all their lives. They had already eaten the last embroidered lobster off the derrick cover, and now they were warmly covered with the canvas, playing auction bridge for the claws.

IV

Disconsolate, forlorn, Percy DeCalcomania wandered back to the palatial club. His faithful limousine still stood shivering in the snow. He spoke softly to it. It did not answer. He spoke sharply. There was no reply. It was quite dead. So was Bristles. Bristles had died of excitement at sight of his master coming out of the club with that kind of load. And to make it all the worse he had thereby lost his bet of 2s. 6d. with King George that he could earn his own living in New York for twenty-four hours net.

And so the Christmas spirit that had risen in the soul of Percy DeCalcomania bore fruit after all. That monument more imperishable than bronze was still to be erected. On the spot where his gallant chauffeur had perished he caused to be placed a simple shaft of rein-

forced concrete, on which the passer-by may read this touching legend:

HERE DIED A VERY SOBER DUKE.

And even now, fifty years after, every Christmas Eve there comes to this spot an old gentleman clad in sombre black, and lays upon the shaft a wreath of flowers. Sometimes gilli, sometimes cauli. And in the fulness of his heart he leads to this spot all the orphans and wayward sons and defaulting bank clerks he can find, and with nickels he encourages them to weep as much as they like, and he always shows the little ones where to stand. No weep, no nickel. At half after eleven he dismisses them, and all alone, just as the bells toll the hour of midnight, he falls on his knees in the soft snow. This is the final ceremony.

For it is not altogether unlikely that one of the orphans may have dropped his nickel.

THE BETROTHAL—AFTERWARDS

(*Rudyard and I collaborated on this one*)

Bring down the old cigar box, not for a Cuba rare,
But since, to remember Maggie, I keep all her letters there.

Letters that say she loved me, and postscripts that never fail
To limit my joy in smoking, and ask me if I inhale.

Then came the ultimatum—she'd have no smoke in her frocks,
So I wrote her a sweet dismissal, and ordered another box.

"A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke,"
I wrote, and the Fates were laughing at thought of their little joke.

For I had been priest of Cabanas a matter of seven year,
And now I am out of the priesthood, and only a simple peer.

'T was scarcely a short month later; the doctor bade me to cease,
And Maggie has wed another, and I am the Duke of Geese.

Yes, take up the old cigar box, and put it back on the shelf,
For women have changed their manners, and Maggie now smokes herself.

THE LAST DEGREE

(Inspired by a Nightmare after a Story by Walter Camp.)

"22—41—6—8!"

That was Marlborough (one of the Squantum Marlboroughs) quarterback on the Crimson team, crying his signal on November 25th.

"Blub!"

That was the aristocratic cranium of P. Mayflower Beacon, the fullback of the team, striking a blue-jerseyed opponent amidships as he careened over the goal line for a touchdown, also on November 25th.

"Who blew out the gas?"

That was Jinks, the erstwhile and above-mentioned blue-jerseyed opponent, the best end-rush the world had ever seen, waking in a little white hospital bed on November 29th.

It was not the Jinks of old whose frightened glance roved from the sweet-faced nurse by his bedside to the sombre visage of the Captain, who stood towering over him. It was a changed, a metamorphosed, a diluted Jinks who met the Captain's eyes squarely, and frowned.

"Yes," said the Captain gently, "they scored. But never mind. Next year—"

"There will not be a next year," said Jinks clearly.

"What? Calm yourself, old man. You have one more season on the team, and we'll—"

"Never again shall my anatomy serve as a flux in wanton combat," said Jinks firmly. *"Jamais encore, rien de tout, je ne vais plus*—never again!"

"But, Jinks—"

"I see before me," said the ex-end solemnly, "the footprints of an irradicable past. I have wasted three years of college life, despising the works of Aristotle, and playing the game of football. I shall never play again, or watch a game, or coach, until I have made amends for those wasted years."

"But at least you must coach, Jinks! We—"

"Never shall I step on a field again until I have taken my degree."

The Captain reddened.

"You couldn't take a degree of Fahrenheit," he sneered. "You—"

"So! You mock me! Then listen, Captain— I shall never play, or watch, or coach until I can write after my name every letter of the alphabet. Before I step on a gridiron again I shall take not simply one degree but all that there are! I shall make amends for these wasted years. That's all. Nurse, remove the Captain!"

On Commencement Day a year later, Jinks, capped and gowned, received from the hands of the Secretary of the Faculty his blue-ribboned parchment, and amid the silent scorn of his fellows, who had lost the annual game, he waved the diploma over the heads of the multitude, and cried in a low but modest voice,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am John Jinks, A. B."

And they laughed at him, but he did not care.

The college sorely needed him as a coach the following season, and prominent alumni urged him to forget his rash penance, and join the coaching staff, but he was working diligently in the Graduate School, and did not answer the letters. In due time he became Master of Arts, and Doctor of Philosophy, and four years from the fatal date of his last game he said to an admiring throng.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am John Jinks, A. B., A. M., Ph. D."

It was at about this time that he became the subject of wagers among his friends. "Alphabetical" Jinks they called him, and made the odds a million to one that he would never complete his gigantic task. The first reporter interviewed him, learning that on the date of the annual game with the Crimson, John Jinks was to enter the Engineering School for the purpose of acquiring the degree of B. S. He did enter, and the score of the big game was 42 to 0.

Year by year the situation grew more acute; the Crimson totalled more and more points, the blue-jerseyed ends played worse and worse, and the odds on John Jinks went down and down. He was Master of Forestry, and of Civil Engineering, and enjoying himself.

"But," objected an old professor, "you haven't played the game for seven years. They want you as a coach—but do you know the game as it is played now?"

"I was All-American end," said Jinks quietly, fingering his dark blue tie. And the professor blushed and was silent.

Torn between love and duty—to remain in the dear old college, or to seek the letter G—that was the question; but duty conquered, and Jinks left Blue Haven for a neighboring town, where steady work for two years brought him his certificate as Graduate Pharmacist, and he was content; but the Blue lost once more to the Crimson, largely on account of her poor ends—poorly coached, the papers said.

The athletic director of a small college in the west chuckled, and forwarded to the old player a catalogue of courses, including one in Indic Philosophy. Inside of two days Jinks was in Muscatine, for I was an elusive letter, and one not to be disregarded. But the athletic director gnashed his teeth to find that Jinks was not to be cajoled, lured, or bribed to the football field, and the fond hopes of securing him to coach the Muscatine ends were blasted. He took his degree and departed, leaving on the floor of his room two pairs of spectacles and a tattered pennant of dark blue.

The new Harvard law degree of Juris Doctor caught his eye, and then Leipsic magnetized him to a two years' sojourn for the privilege of adding to his complement two fearful Teutonic words, of which the symbol among academicians is K. D. He returned to America for a course in Nautical Engineering and Osteopathy, and landed on the afternoon that the Crimson was victorious for the sixteenth consecutive year, by the overwhelming score of 99-0.

"Hunt easy letters, my boy," urged the old professor. "The Blue needs you more and more."

"I will," assented Jinks, and with great agility he passed on to Theology, Zoology and Veterinary Surgery.

"When, oh when, will you come to our aid?" implored the alumni and the athletic board.

"I am now studying Roman law," replied Jinks. "When I am done with Quadratics and Woodworking, I may listen to your plaint."

Below is a row of stars for dramatic effect.

* * * * * * *

A red-faced old gentleman of perhaps sixty years toddled across the gridiron to clasp the hand of a wrinkled patriarch whose attendant had just wheeled him to the edged of the grass.

"At last," said the red-faced old gentleman with tears in his voice. "At last!"

"I'm glad to be here, Cap," said the patriarch in a cracked voice. "I hunted for X and Y for eleven years!"

"And after all it was the dear old Blue that gave them to you, John. Actually invented degrees to bring you back to coach our ends—Doctor of Yogi Philosophy and Bachelor of X-Ray Science. Well—here are the candidates, John. And remember—we lost last year by 300 points."

The All-American end surveyed the dozen candidates in football clothes who stood in a line before him. Over the field a keen autumn wind was rushing, and the mellow October sun shone with a benediction upon the old and the new. John Jinks struggled to his feet and raised his right hand.

"I—I—" he stammered weakly.

He passed his hand uncertaintly before his eyes, and staggered back into the arms of his attendant.

"Take your places," he muttered, "left end Blackstone, left tackle Murillo, left guard Galen, centre Mendelssohn, right guard Napoleon, right tackle Shakespeare, right end Homer, quarterback Caesar, halfbacks Hannibal and Chaucer, fullback Goethe and—and—"

His voice faltered, but with a magnificent effort he stood erect, and with flashing eyes sweeping the awed group before him, he shouted in clear, ringing tones,

"Coach—John Jinks!"

Then he fell back once more, and the doctor came.

Here are more stars. Same effect as before.

* * * * * * *

Ex-Captain Wilkins and the President of the University stood in the old cemetery before a simple but massive granite shaft, silently contemplating the inscription thereon:

JOHN JINKS

A. B.	M. C. E.	K. D.	M. F.	Ph. G.
B. I. P.	J. D.	S. B.	L. L. D.	M. N. E.
D. O.	Q. M.	Ph. D.	S. T. B.	U. B.
D. V. S.	M. W.	B. X. R. S.	D. Y. P.	Z. M.

Deceased at the Age of 80.
Completely Educated.

"He did his best for the dear old Blue," said Wilkins, weeping profusely.

The President was thoughtful.

"The doctors say he died of intellectual indigestion," he mused. "Who knows but that he might have lived to coach generations upon generations of blue ends if he'd thought sooner—"

"He did his best for the old college," repeated Wilkins, "but he choked to death on the Yogi Philosophy."

And as they stood there paying their silent tribute, the spirit of John Jinks hovered above them in active pursuit of an ethereal and idealized pigskin.

A SUBURBAN HOME FOR $100

(Mary Northend does 'em for House and Garden.)

WHEN Millicent and I decided that for the sake of the children we had better move out to a suburb, we agreed that we wanted an estate that would endure as a family mansion after the children were grown up. We both loved the sentiment of an old home to which all the members of the family may return at Thanksgiving and Christmas in the good, old-fashioned way. This desire meant that we must either build or purchase a house, and after a great amount of argument, estimating and reconnoitering, we concluded that we had better build. Our expenditure was limited to $100 which we had saved, and our income was $12 a week, which was my salary as a lighthouse salesman.

By reading the newspaper advertisements, we found that we could buy a building lot in Sanitown for $25, so that as soon as we had seen the property, we closed the bargain at once. It was a very desirable location on the main street of Sanitown, only three miles from the center of the village, and six miles from the railroad station from which there was ready commutation to New York, as trains went over the road every few hours.

We had a book of house plans, all of which seemed unsuited to our purpose. Millicent wanted a Dutch Colonial brick bungalow, and I cared little about the architecture as long as there was room for a billiard table and a smoking room. We were still discussing the minor points when it occurred to us to have Walter, our eldest

son, aged twelve, take a correspondence course in architecture, building, decorating, excavating, and painting, which we secured for him at a cost of $9.50. During the eight months which the course required, I cleared the lot of stones, brush, and stumps, weeded it, and graded it with a patent shovel borrowed from a neighbor. The lot was 22 x 26, so that the work presented no inconsiderable difficulty.

As soon as Walter had thoroughly mastered the technical details, we excavated. From what we could learn from the plans in *The Ladies Home Journal,* it takes several hundred dollars to excavate the foundations of a house, but we did ours for $1.50—the price of a wheelbarrow. A little later Millicent succeeded in fashioning a very dainty baby-carriage out of the wheelbarrow.

The house was finally made a cross between a Queen Anne and a King Charles. The first story was pink stucco built on fieldstone buttresses, and the rest was clapboards and shingles painted green. For the foundation we utilized a large number of stout pine trees from a near-by grove, and pieced out with $3 worth of railroad ties from a public-service auction. The stucco was the result of several experiments conducted by my second son, Rudolph, who collected pebbles in a market-basket all day, and brought them home at night, when his mother mixed them with the proper ingredients, and colored the mixture with a pink dye from the drug store. The cost of the stucco was less than $3.75.

The clapboards and shingles we bought—$8 worth, and as this amount was not sufficient to cover the entire

sides and roof, we made shift with about five hundred square feet of building material made of extremely tenacious and malleable substances, and covered with a tar finish which rendered it impervious to the elements.

We were able to economize on chimneys by the fortunate discovery of some bits of discarded gas main, which did very well, indeed, and added a very Heppelwhite appearance to our modest home.

Inside we finished the house in burlap and white. The burlap was brought home by Rudolph after many clandestine excursions to a storage warehouse where many valuable stuffs were to be had for the asking. He also secured for us a few hundred laths of various lengths which naturally found a resting place as wainscoting. The wood for the floors I bought from a planing mill. The upper part of the floor was therefore quite smooth, while the ceilings were charmingly rough, and gave the impression that we were to live in a truly fashionable log-cabin.

I had now expended nearly $60 of the allotted hundred, so that a generous margin was left for the garage, chicken house, servants quarters, and a hothouse.

Luckily our lot was on a side hill, so that by tunnelling into the rear, we could cunningly fashion a garage at small expense for building materials. We roofed it with sheet tin, and covered the sides with colored pictures out of the public prints of the day. I doubt if there is a more cheerful, homelike garage in the country, and if I ever get a motor car, the garage will be an admirable place to store it. The net cost of this adjunct to our estate was $7.

The hothouse was entirely the work of Millicent, who undertook to provide the glass, and obtained it after following a suffragette parade through the business districts of the greater city. We charged off $2.55 for the hothouse, this being the amount Millicent expended on railroad fares and cartage.

For the servants, in case they arrived unexpectedly, we built a Georgian semi-convertible cottage out of three piano packing-boxes, and some twenty-six coffins which the local undertaker thought were out of style, and sold us for $5.25.

That left us $45.10 for the chicken house, and we so managed our slender finances that we had $44.60 left for the chickens.

As you come upon "Rose Hill" from the highway, you will be instantly struck by the landscape gardening which was the pride and joy of my son Rudolph. With nothing but his two hands, a trowel, and the address of our Congressman, he constructed an Italian sunken garden where once was merely a rather unnecessary little swamp in the front yard, and he further screened us from the public by a hedge of alder bushes which of course cost us nothing at all. The pergola, of white painted gaspipe, also requisitioned from the local company, adds a summery touch which is pleasantly commented upon by the unlettered proletariat.

The main house is one of three rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs, each with its own color scheme. The drawing room is white and bark-color; the dining room is white and log-color; and the living-room is plain white.

The bedrooms are dainty combinations of light white and dark white. The varnishes, stains, veneers and polishes of which so many dealers speak fluently are absolutely unessential to a modern dwelling.

I built "Rose Hill" at a total cost of $99.97. On warm evenings when I take my rocking chair out under the pergola, and breathe the odor from the sunken garden, now abloom with rambler roses and trailing arbutus, I think of the poverty-stricken denizens of New York, flushed and panting in their wretched apartments, for which I understand that some of them pay as high as $50 a month, and I am glad that I can recommend to the weary toiler in the city a campaign such as mine for light, air, solitude and contemplation.

I am now contemplating putting a mortgage of $75 on "Rose Hill," and if I am successful, I am willing to finance anyone wishing to build in my vicinity, and Walter, my eldest son, will gladly act as architect or help in digging the well. High cost of living? The capitalists are fooling us—there's nothing in it!

AD WOODROVUM

(*Me and Rudyard are very fond of this meter.*)

If you can keep the tariff rates protective,
  And steel yourself against the foreign-made,
And also keep democracy effective
  By agitating free, untrammelled trade;
If you can check financial depredation
  By putting down the trusts with iron hand,
And yet maintain the credit of the nation
  By keeping friends with Wall Street's vested band;
If you can mouth a speech on woman's voting
  And win the favor of the surging sex,
Without inferring, saying or denoting
  The terse *de minimis non curat lex;*
If you can please the many by selecting
  A cabinet that won't displease the few,
An then persuade the few that you're expecting
  To grant them—later—signal honors, too;
If you can keep the pace with foreign powers,
  While roaring war to show you yearn to fight,
And take your wonted sleep of eight full hours
  When duties keep you busy half the night; ;
If you can read what papers say about you,
  And never think of libel when you read,
And gather politicians sage about you
  To follow where you, untried novice, lead;
If you can smile when greater men attack you,
  And lose with grace where lesser men had won;
Why, four years hence the universe will back you,
  For you'll have been Some President, my son!

OUR CLUB

(*You can't blame me me for these. I had to read Boswell's Johnson in College.*)

SOON after the doctor returned to America, which was in June, was founded that CLUB which existed long without a name, but after Mr. Jeffries arrival in July became distinguished by the title of the D. and O. Club. Sir William Bryan had the merit of being the first proposer of it, to which the doctor acceded, and the original members were Sir William Bryan, Dr. Dentatus, Mr. Devery, Mr. J. Edward Addicks and Mr. Hobson. They met at the Plummet and Sinker, Broadway, Battery, S. W., where Dr. Dentatus, one evening in each day, continued his conversation until a pretty late hour.

Mr. Cannon (now Lord Reciprocity) had said, "I trust that the least intimation of a desire to come among you will procure me a ready admission," but in that he was mistaken. Dentatus consulted me upon it, and when I could find no objection to receiving him, exclaimed, "He will disturb us by his buffoonery." But a short time after the institution of our club a still more fortitutous event for Mr. Cannon occurred. Mr. Hobson was speaking of the club to Cannon. "I like it much, (said he), I think I shall be of you."

"*He'll be of us,* (said Dentatus,) how does he know we will permit him? The first Duke in Alabama has no right to hold such language." And when Mr. Cannon was regularly proposed some time afterwards Dentatus,

who had thus taken offence at his arrogance, warmly and kindly opposed him, so that he was accordingly elected.

We talked one night of the mode adopted by some to rise in the world, by courting great men, and asked Dr. Dentatus if he had ever submitted to it. DENTATUS: "Why, Sir, I was never near enough to great men to court them." BRYAN: "You may be prudently attached to great men, and yet independent. But you are not to do what you think wrong——" JEFFRIES: "And, Sir, you are not to pay too dear for what you get." DENTATUS: "No, you must not give a shilling's worth of court for sixpence worth of good. But if you can get a shilling's worth of good for sixpence worth of court, why, Sir, you are a fool if you do not pay court."

We spoke of the advancement of learning in the Senate. "Sir, (said he,) you have learned a little from me, and you think yourselves very great men. You Senators are imitators. Lodge would never have edited books unless Frye had done it before. He is an echo of Frye." CANNON: "But, Sir, we have Lord Depew." DENTATUS: "You *have* Lord Depew. Keep him, ha, ha, ha! I don't envy you him."

He then talked several hours on the freedom of the will, especially his own. "Sir, (said he,) I *know* my will is free, and there's an end on't." But at this point someone observed that howbeit with the will, travelling is not free even for a presiding executive; upon which Dr. Dentatus hurriedly left the room.

MORE OF OUR CLUB

We dined to-night at the CLUB; with us was Sir Frederick Cook, who was but lately admitted; before Dr. Dentatus arrived we talked a good deal of him; Addicks said that he had always found him a very polite man, and that he worshipped him. HOBSON: "But some of you spoil him; you should not worship him; you should worship no man, not even myself." BOSWELLIVER: "But he is so much superior to other men." DEVERY: "In wit and conversation he is no doubt excellent; but in other respects he is not above other men; he will not believe anything you tell him, and will strenuously defend the most minute circumstance touching on or appertaining to one of his hobbies."

SIR FREDERICK COOK: "I think it would furnish pleasure and profit if we were concomitantly to make a tour." JEFFRIES: "Let it not be to the West." HOBSON: "Or to the South." DEVERY: "Then it may as well be North." COOK: "That, Sir, is the last place I should wish to travel." BOSWELLIVER: "Should you not like to see the Pole, Sir? Is it not worth seeing, tell me?" COOK: "Sir, worth seeing, but not worth going to see."

No sooner did the doctor arrive than we were as composed as at a funeral, and so remained until he desired Sir Frederick Cook to make a pun extempore. COOK: "Upon what subject?" DENTATUS: "Upon the Kink of Denmark." COOK: "Oh, Sir, the *King* is no subject." This incident shows the versatility of the great man.

Lord Reciprocity (né Cannon) observed that the Senate, since the passage of the McKinley Bill, has had nothing to do. DENTATUS: "Well, Sir, you have been equal to it." SIR WILLIAM BRYAN: "It is pleasant to be an officeholder; it is a difficult thing to be out of office." DENTATUS: "Difficult, Sir! I wish it were impossible!"

Several gentlemen were proposed for membership, and the following were elected: Lord Depew and Fingy, 3rd re-Count Conners. Speaking of re-Count Conners' newspaper, the Courier, Mr. Addicks observed that it had blazed the way to Democratick supremacy. LORD RECIPROCITY: "Yes, Sir, and it is still kindling." DENTATUS: "For that purpose, Sir, it is admirable." JEFFRIES: "I care but little for the newspapers. There are but twelve that I care to count of merit." DENTATUS: "Why, it was told me of you that you can endure to hear no more than ten counted."

Mr. Hobson, fearing that he must leave us, Dr. Dentatus said, "Pray, Sir, don't go, for we may perhaps forget to think of you, and then you will cease to exist." Talking of oratory, Sir William Bryan said that it is the art of beating down your adversary's arguments, and putting better in his place." DENTATUS: "Beating down your adversary will do. (Write that down, Boswelliver.)"

Shortly afterwards a man-servant entered with a message for the doctor which summoned him to East Aurora, and the company accordingly dispersed.

AT THE CLUB

This night marked the admission of Lord Depew and Fingy, 3rd re-Count Conners, into the D. and O. CLUB. Upon their entrance Dr. Dentatus placed himself behind a kind of pulpit, and, with humorous formality, gave them the Charge, pointing out the conduct expected from them as good members of this club.

Sir William Bryan received congratulations upon his elevation to the peerage as Duke of Nebraska. "I am afraid (said he), that I shall but ill illuminate the House." "You should (said Dr. Dentatus), have been born lantern-jawed." It was noted that Lord Depew took small part in the conversation. Mr. Devery remonstrated with him, and asked for some of his renowned jests. "Are they permitted here?" inquired the noble Lord, with tears in his eyes. "They are (said Lord Reciprocity), as well qualified as you yourself." Accordingly Lord Depew regaled us for an hour.

ADDICKS: (to Sir Frederick Cook) "I am sorry to see, Sir, that one of the magazines has been making you ridiculous." DENTATUS: "That, Sir, is like whitewashing coal."

We talked of the new manner of garments affected by vulgar women. DENTATUS: "A woman, Sir, in bifurcated skirts is a suffragette in overalls; she aims at the ballot by aping my dress; she should rather ape my manners." ADDICKS: "You would command a caterpillar to roar." DENTATUS: "Most assuredly, Sir, if it chose to stand against a steam-roller."

DEVERY: "Mrs. Pankhurst may do as she pleases; she will not get the ballot by roaring." DENTATUS: "No, Sir, but if she roars long enough she will produce an echo; an echo continues after you have quit; I know for I have been both; Mrs. Pankhurst will win the ballot." NEBRASKA: "What then? You may get yourself a cigar; before it is of use it must be lighted; Mrs. Pankhurst tries to light hers under a pump." Re-Count CONNERS: "The gentleman says well, but—" LORD RECIPROCITY: "Yes, but—" HOBSON: "Can a woman order a man-of-war? Can she enforce the laws? Can she dispense justice? Can she serve in politicks?" JEFFRIES: "Woman, Sir, is potential omnipotence. She is a woman-of-war." DENTATUS: (laughing) "Could a woman not take a ship away from a captain when one has already taken a house from an Admiral?"

I proposed for membership the Hon. E. N. Foss and Mr. John McGraw. Dr. Dentatus supported both gentlemen to my horror; and they were immediately rejected by a flattering majority.

Dr. Dentatus here made a quotation in Arabick. "I fear (said Addicks), that I have lost all my Arabick." "You must have lost it (said Dentatus), about the same time that I lost my dignity." With this sally the CLUB disbanded.

THE D. AND O. CLUB

We were concerned at the CLUB tonight of university men, and inquiring if they may with propriety engage in politicks. Dentatus warmly maintained that they might. "For why (he urged) should not scholars receive honorary degrees as well as those who succeed in politicks." I said, scholars should stick to their books. DENTATUS: "No, Sir. I and Caesar wrote books; we were scholars, and politicians, too. Caesar is read two thousand years after his time." BOSWELLIVER: "And you will be." DUKE OF NEBRASKA: (nee Bryan) "But not until then." JEFFRIES: "A university is essentially a well-sanctioned athletick club, with none of the gate money accruing to the contestants." DEPEW: "You, Sir, are not a college man." DENTATUS: "He is a graduate in the chymical sense." Re-COUNT CONNERS: "The doctor says well." HOBSON: (sotto voce) "He says too much." ADDICKS: "But do you maintain, Sir, that scholarship does not unfit a man for politicks? Look at Wilson." DENTATUS: "A college man may be turned into a good politician, if he be caught soon enough. Scholarship is of the lamplight; politicks shun the lamplight." DEVERY: "You mean, I suppose, that statesmanship fears not the bright orb of day?" DENTATUS: "No, I mean that it needs no light at all. A true politician is an owl; no Diogenes." NEBRASKA: "If Diogenes were alive now, Sir, and entrusted his mission to Mr. Devery's detectives, while they prosecuted his purpose,

some nefarious wretch would make off with his tub." ADDICKS: "Does that imply the presence of politicians, Sir, or of collegians?" NEBRASKA: "But, Sir, a college does assist a man. It gives him breadth. Mr. Taft is a college man." DEPEW: "Yes, and so is Mr. Hearst. He is a Harvard man." BOSWELLIVER: "Sir, if Mr. Charles Eliot heard you say that, he might consider it actionable." DEPEW: "And a college man is a poor hand at making money; and in politicks—" Re-COUNT CONNERS: "Pray use more care in arranging the juxtaposition of your words, Sir; you fret me." DENTATUS: "I do not believe that many great scholars (excepting me) become great politicians (excepting me). You can wrestle with an abstruse book, and, if you master it, what good does it do you? But if you wrestle with a human opponent, and master him—" JEFFRIES: "What good does it do *him?*" DENTATUS: "Sir, it teaches him not to wrestle with his master." HOBSON: "But each of us has his master!" Here Dr. Dentatus hummed the second line of the chorus of Comin' Thro' the Rye. ADDICKS: "Is not a scholar talking politicks a little tiresome?" DENTATUS: "More than that, Sir, completely tiresome. But often it wants a scholar's intellect to succeed in politicks. When I fought a duel with Aldrich in a darkened room over politicks, becoming pitiful, I thought to fire up the chimney. I did so, and I hit Aldrich. Now, if he had read Henry James in the original, he never would have crept up the chimney." BOSWELLIVER: "No, and if he had read the newspapers, he never would have got himself

alone with you." DENTATUS: "That, Sir, is a deliberate and unqualified prevarication." JEFFRIES: "Re-COUNT CONNERS is no bachelor of arts, and neither am I." DENTATUS: "Sir, when 'tis folly to be wise, some men are geniuses." CONNERS: (waking from a nap) "The doctor says well." At this point the doctor was hurriedly summoned to the telephone by Mr. Charles Murphy, so that the meeting adjourned.

THE END OF OUR CLUB

There was upon us this night a pall of mind which, I hope for the felicity of the Republickan party, few experience. At the end of the table (shaped like a horseshoe, that there might be no foot, but only a head) Dr. Dentatus held the chief position; glowering, foreboding, and rarely silent. At his left sat William, Duke of Nebraska; then Lord Depew, Fingy, 3rd re-Count Conners, Sir F. Cook, Mr. Jeffries, Mr. Devery, Mr. Hobson, Mr. Addicks, myself and on the doctor's right Lord Reciprocity (Mr. Cannon). Dr. Dentatus and Sir Frederick Cook wore black.

"We have," remarked Lord Depew, "in this club discussed but two subjects, Dr. Dentatus and Dr. Dentatus' policies." DENTATUS: "Well, Sir, I am tired of neither." "There is little doubt," said Mr. Devery, "that in this world nothing is more valuable than the discussion of such a great man, for whose conversation even the walls have ears." ADDICKS: "They may, then, well desire to have mouths." DENTATUS: "Why, Sir?" ADDICKS: "So that they may yawn." HOBSON: "You may be as rude as you please; when the doctor quitted the executive chair the republick trembled; the cargo of the ship of state shifted; Gaynor was Lord Mayor; the Rocky Mountains ceased to serve as a sounding board." It was observed that the doctor sat silent: I would excuse this by stating that he was eating a dill pickle. COOK: "Do you cogitate, o giant?" DENTATUS: "I do, o pigmy." COOK: "But, Sir,

I referred to the size of your intellect." DENTATUS: "And I, Sir, to the size of yours." We observed that the doctor was still conscious.

NEBRASKA: "Sir, will you not make your farewell address as quickly as possible?" Dr. Dentatus, hastily scribbling a contributing editorial to conceal his emotion, rose forthwith and addressed the club as follows: Gentlemen, it grows late, and the hour of separation is at hand. Recollect how I came to be of you; no man more MacVeaghed against; no man more elastic, for, like Truth, I shall rise again; you can't stop me. I came to you in tears; I shall leave you in a pathetic outburst of tears which I shall summon at the proper occasion. I beseech you to remember, gentlemen of the Down and Out Club, that government for the people, by the people, and in spite of the people shall exist; and that only as we accept and practice my policies can we find peace in this administration and in the administration to come."

The clock went ten. Dr. Dentatus burst into hot tears, and strode to the door, muttering under his breath. It sounded like "innocuous desuetude." He had been retired even from this club, and was gone to found a second degree, the membership not being sufficiently exclusive. Too far down; too far out; he took his medicine without flinching. After a pause Sir Frederick rose, and staggered blindly after him. Together they stumbled out into the unknown.

The Club was no more.

WHISHKBROOMSKI

A play on One Act

(*Written under the influence of Maxim Gorky*)

CHARACTERS

Snitchovitch—A peasant. *Droschké*—His wife.
Samóvár—Their child. *Ikon*—A passer-by.

SCENE: *Hut of Snitchovitch in Siberia. Samóvár is asleep.*

Droschké: How vghcóld the schúzsknów is!
Snitchovitch: Yes, and the kvolghíce is vhgcólder than it zwas last vostwinter.
Droschké: Oh, how I háteski, háteski, háteski the arístíffstocrácy! They keep bgkrwarm all vostwinter!
Snitchovitch: (*Standing on his own feet.*) Yes, there is one chcurious thing about the ríchnikóff.
Droschké: And that is?
Snitchovitch: They khívalways have phzmoney.
Droschké: And what about the poor dmitripeopleovitch?
Snitchovitch: They also petropóssess one cháráctérísgólofftéríístíc.
Droschké: And that is?
Snitchovitch: They have no caviarmoney at all.
Samóvár: (*waking*) Krichníholgósz kíhilitznovgórod!
Droschké: How kjplainly he jspeakzé The poor nijninfant is schungryovsk.
Snitchovitch: Well, give him some bórisfood.
Droschké: There ain't none, alasvoytémkin!
Snitchovitch: (*Goes to window.*) Here comes Ikon—he is vodkaríchski. He probably has rublemoney with him.
Droschké: What of thatska?
Snitchovitch: Go and máslovarob him. We gottaski stand for the squaredealóvitch.

(*Droschké goes and robs him*)

Ikon: Helpska, helpska!

Snitchovitch: (*lighting his knout*) Allóvar!

Ikon: (*faintly*) Polítzei, adamówski!

Droschké: (*returning*) Here is his plantávolgáwallet!

Samóvá: (*feebly*) Króvlakrémlin nevskíprospékt!

Snitchovitch: How kjplainly he jspéakz! That's the kvway to zsettle the ríchnikóff—take their caviarmoney away from them.

Droschké: But krishnísuppose you and I got ríchnikóff. Would we want anybody to zhwytáke away our caviarmoney?

Snitchovitch: No, that's vládivoskadífferent.

Droschké: All menjhoff are petrobrotherz.

Snitchovitch: Only on Mondáyski, Wednesdáyska and Fridáychik. This is Thursdáyoij. And now that the vládimiquésztion of sozhcial equáhrzlity is slezéttled, the pláygorod (*bowing to audience*) is phrínísched. What did you ískvtéxpect for a zschnickel?

AN IMITATION OF A FOOTBALL GAME.

FAIR DAMSEL—Oh, isn't that little man *cute?* Don't you—

CHORUS—Hit the line for Harvard, for Harvard—

FIRST ROOTER—Can't keep his feet, but he's an All-American—

SECOND ROOTER—Son-of-a-gun to drop that—

MUGGSY—Popcorn, five cents a—

THIRD ROOTER—Yard to gain! By gosh! He did it! Hurray for—

SECOND ROOTER—Hades! He dropped another!

CHORUS—Blue bull dog howls boola, boola, *boo!* Let out your—

JIMMY—Arm bands, ten cents a—

LEADER—Long cheer for the team, fellows! Everybody—

CHORUS—March, march on down the field; fighting for—

PATSY—Programmes, twenty-five cents!

CONFUSED ROAR—And that's why Mamie—doesn't smoke a pipe—because the onside kick—hit the line for—peanuts, five cents a—*look* at that Eli, he—echoes to the sky! See the crimson—first down, he can't run for—Mike, who's the man with the—first down, ten to—rip up 'em through, while—Father, that guy is—off my toe, there!—So Minnie's hat is simply—rotten! rotten!—Then, fight, fight, fight, for we win—last year it was—to-night, we'll go in town and—smash 'em through—for God, for Country, and for—Peanuts, Five a Bag!

QUEENS OF THE WORLD

(*This is a parody of that thing we all had to learn at school.*)

First, Annie of Scotland, then Josie the Hun,
And Susan, who toiled from the sun to the sun.
She left us to marry, and sent us instead
First Mary of Antrim, who burned up the bread.
First Jane, second Susan, and Bridget the first,
Who hungered for wages, and suffered from thirst.
Then Lizzie the Beauty, who stayed for two days,
And at sight of the baby demanded a raise.
Next, Flora the Faithful, who lasted a year,
And Minnie, and Martha, and Helma the Queer.
Third Susan—but breath is the wages of gin,
So Lucy acceded, and Sophie the Finn.
A brief interregnum of hotels—then Dinah,
Angelic at cooking; a demon at china.
Second Mary, first Lola, and ebony Sue,
A jewel—we miss her—and most of ours, too.
Thus ended the line, and the Agency fees,
And the royal succession devolved upon these;
Queen Hannah with snuffles, and Thunderbolt Kate,
And Clara the Terror (her waffles were great!)
Next Wilma the Smasher, who came from the North,
And Rosa the Slothful, and Susan the Fourth.
And after rebellion, a Jap, and a Greek,
God sent us our Jessie—we've had her a week!

MARKET LETTER

(I'd been reading some of Babson's stuff in the S. E. P.)

THE financial outlook typifies the spirit of unrest among those who are inclined towards dissatisfaction with existing conditions. During the next week we may expect slight upward or downward movements in those securities which are generally recognized as subject to change. Wise traders will deal with emergencies as they arise.

The high cost of living is unaltered, either from the fact that food products cost more than the situation justifies, or because gold has less purchasing power than it would have if food products cost less. The new administration will undoubtedly affect the cost of living. A protective tariff will cause some commodities to advance in price, and others to decline, and free trade will bring about a contrary condition.

Railroad bonds are recommended for those who wish to buy or sell under present complications. It is impossible to predict whether the railroads are dominated by the banks this week, or if the banks are dominated by the railroads, but as both banks and railroads are controlled by the same parties, there is also some reason for acquiring bank stock.

The small investor is urged to wait until he is assured of rock-bottom prices, and then wait patiently until he can sell at the highest point. A man who follows this procedure is moderately certain of a small profit.

Advice to correspondents:

J. L. P—The best time to unload International Prune common is just before the Chautauqua convention.

D. H. K.—There are not at present any full-paid and non-assessable U. S. Government 7s in the market.

H. J. G.—By all means sell the cow.

O. V.—You are right. You cannot buy Steel for 50 cents a week per share until paid for, but you can get a large amount of iron filings for your half dollar.

T. Y. S.—She's a bear.

V. V. V.—I said that G. T. R. R. was active. I didn't say that it would advance 100 points in a week. You must have confused this column with the billiard tournament.

Fred.—Save your $2,000. In a few months you should be able to buy a Stock Exchange seat with it.

A. D. P., A. S. M., L. E. K., L. D. R., F. J. W., Bill C., M., H. P., J. L. H., E. L. H., W. K., L. A. I., G. T. E., R. O. L., and others. Well, boys, it looks as though I made a little mistake, doesn't it?

C. A.—I can't advise you about Pulmotors. I know nothing about machinery.

H. T.—Glad to know you cleaned up $8 on your plunge in copper.

R. A. E.—Tell your grandmother that she had better write to Mr. Wilson. I don't know the color of Andrew Carnegie's eyes.

THE POET TO A COUNTER CLERK

(With utter indifference to Richard Le Gallienne)

I would not change my humble lot
For any in your giving;
I'd sooner live by pen and blot
Than try to earn a living.
But you and I are close in heart
And everybody knows it;
For while I hymn my lady's limb
Your work is to enclose it.

Ah, let me sing my lady's eyes
In lyric strain caloric;
While you can win another prize
By fitting them to toric.
And if I claim Clorinda's hands
Should lift her to the heavens,
You, clerk-in-love, shall bring the glove
And fit her number Sevens.

Ah, let me sing of Chloe's lips,
So dainty! So esthetic!
And you may audit credit slips
And bill her for cosmetic.
And if I laud her graceful form
And curves that are alluring,
Why, you win praise by selling stays
That keep her grace enduring.

Olympus' heights are higher far
Than any cashier's seat;
I cannot drive proud Phoebus' car
Down Forty-second Street.
Yet we two form a partnership,
And let us neither loathe it—
For while I hymn my lady's limb
Your mission is to clothe it.

THE TARIFF-RAFF

(Thank you, Mr. Gilbert)

As I my daily stroll began
  In search of news to print,
I met a melancholy man
  A-gazing at the mint.
    A fond desire warmed his face,
    As though he planned to buy the place.

I took the stranger by the throat
  In intimate caress;
And said, "I am a man of note,
  A member of the press.
    To fill my column for today—
    Tell me your story—while you may!"

He searched my eyes to find the joke,
  And, seeing none, he tried
To interest the passing folk
  But failing, loud he cried,
    "My tale is short, my life is rare,
    Release a humble millionaire!"

"I import goods of foreign sphere—
  I freely grant the facts;
I make a million every year
  And pay no customs tax."
    I gripped him still more firmly, and
    I took my fountain pen in hand.

"I found," he said, "no profit in
  Importing wool or brass;
No gain in sugar, lace or tin,
  Or diamonds, snuff or brass.
    The average of duties meant
    A paltry seventy per cent."

I took him firmly by the ears
And gently said in sport,
"It most decidedly appears
That you have friends in court."
He shook his head as best he might,
And said, "How prettily you write!"

"I make my wealth by buying things
From many foreign shores;
Both paraffin for finger rings
And palm leaf fans in scores.
And many other products, which
Are duty free—like colored pitch."

"I bring no furs nor boots and shoes,
I import orange rind,
And English-made cathedral pews
And music for the blind."
I gripped him by his curly hair,
And said, "How came you millionaire?"

He said, "There is no money made
In bringing marble hence;
The profit in my simple trade
In life-boats is immense.
I'd pay a tax of thirty-three
On pins—canary seed is free!

"My ships are filled with caraway,
And radium and ice,
And sausages, and, strange to say,
Plain skeletons are nice.
The tariff laws, if truth I tell,
Protect my business very well."

I grasped that stranger by the nose,
To aggravate his health,
And cried, "Come, tell me how you rose
To such tremendous wealth?"
He said, "I always had a wish
To be importing frozen fish."

"Importers who are tossed by fate
Waste time in politics;
Free articles approximate
Two hundred thirty-six
And so," he said, "I can bequeath
My son ten tons of German teeth."

"I gather Frankforters again,
And bring them duty free;
The law protects our workingmen
On silk, and soap, and tea.,
And so I spurn such things as these,
And deal in wax and honey bees."

I rocked him gently to and fro;
He said, "I specialize
In unfermented biscuit dough—
So let the tariff rise!"
I tossed him in the gutter then
And overworked my fountain pen.

But e'er the thing was put in print,
He wandered in and bought the mint,
And ne'er shall I forget the hint
Of him whose wealth was won by dint
Of trading free in peppermint
And colored chalk and Irish lint.
While tariff laws protect the work
Of Jew, of Slovack and of Turk;
And never let importers make
Life cost us less.
For Tariff's sake. Amen.

BOOKS

(Yes, I read the newspapers, too)

THE fancies of book modistes seem to have run riot this season. In place of the austerity of last season's models we find many quaint and original bindings for all occasions to suit every taste and purse.

Women with pretty hands, with or without rings, are carrying one of the latest novels by Claude Fritzgibney. This is bound in white pique with a heavy wale, and opens at the back in two revers over white pearl buttons. Since this novel is perhaps better worn without gloves, it is frequently seen at the seashore, where it costs $1.50 without the text, or $3.50 with complete text and illustrations.

For light reading in the limousine or touring car the shops are selling many copies of Harry K. Raw-Raw's "Suburban Life," which comes in satin foulard binding to match the lining of the car. For bourgeois use a vial of Eau de Petrol is given away with each copy.

A neat volume for the yacht is "The Ship That Foundered Herself," by Woodyard Kindling. This is in white duck, with a canvas back and illustrations in water color that admirably match milady's yachting costume.

Mrs. Archibald Hooley-Hooley Van Rensselaer was recently seen riding in Gramercy Park, and wore a newly published book by Jack Mitchel, entitled "The Mare of New York." This was done very Roycroftie

in chestnut-colored horsehide to match the horse, with hand-colored borders to match Mrs. Hooley-Hooley Van Rensselaer. The first edition of this book was exhausted before publication, and the public is yet to be heard from.

The well-bred woman frequently reads in her boudoir before retiring, and her choice this year is likely to be Robert Hallroom's latest effusion, which comes in low-cut white silk with trimmings of Stilton lace and bows of wide satin ribbon in many shades, so that either the costume or the complexion may be matched.

Since velvet is fashionable this season there are many smart bindings of this material. At the X. Dividends tea on Thursday Mrs. Dividends received her guests in dark blue velvet, and appeared very intellectual with a complete set of the Encyclopedia Brittanica bound in the same material under her arm. Each volume was trimmed with dark fur around the skirt, as was also Mrs. Dividends. This combination will be extensively copied.

A few good books in plain bindings are still read by the masses.

TROTTERS

(A parody of a parody by myself)

She has danced the thumping Czardas with a Czech,
  She has trod the proud mazurka with a Hun;
And she's dabbled with the tango, and she's good at the fandango,
  And she knows the modern dances every one.

She has travelled Paris, France, to Paris, Maine,
  She knows continental Rome, and Rome, New York;
She has whirled the staid morisco in the staidest home in Frisco,
  And she's often jigged with Irish lords in Cork.

She has tried the Highland Fling where they are flung,
  She has tripped the gay bolero in Seville;
She has romped a mad cotillon with New York's renowned
    four million,
  And in England she has hornpiped on a hill.

She has known the music of the saraband,
  And the turkey-trot is seething in her brain;
She has tempted fate by guiding gilded youths in Gaby-gliding
  And she's tried the horrid cancan by the Seine.

It is possible that I am out of style;
  It is possible that she is true, and sweet;
But I'd feel much more elation in girls' higher education
  If it rose a trifle higher than their feet.

THE ROAD TO AFFLUENCE

(or, Gorged with Randolph Chester).

IT had taken Jimmy Cozzens the best part of three months to secure an introduction to Wilkinson, the capitalist; and, although the introduction was a climax to Jimmy, it was apparently only an incident to Wilkinson. His time was entirely too valuable to fritter away in small talk; rumor had it that his income was something over four dollars a minute and that his greatest ambition was to increase it to five. In Jimmy he saw no latent possibility; he saw only a nervous young man with steady eyes and a good chin, and he had long passed the stage of prosperity when he was flattered to behold nervousness in those who interviewed him.

In fact, he was so little impressed with Jimmy's personality that when the young man called at his office a few days later, and sent in his card, he had forgotten all about him. In response to the office manager's statement that Mr. Wilkinson was very busy Jimmy replied that he wished to present a proposition that might enable him to relinquish business altogether, and live idly in the country for the rest of his days, and the office manager was so disconcerted that he admitted Jimmy to the august presence with permission to consume not more than twelve dollars' worth of time, with the usual discounts.

Jimmy went in and closed the door.

"Well?" said Mr. Wilkinson.

"The scheme is," began Jimmy brightly, "to make something out of nothing. Does it interest you?"

The capitalist lighted a cigar, and waved Jimmy's cigarette case back to him.

"You have my permission to smoke," he said graciously. "What's the idea?"

"Simply this—a theatre."

"My dear young man," said Wilkinson, "do you realize that the theatrical business is one of the most speculative in the world?"

"Mine isn't. To be explicit, it's as safe as lending other people's money. It's safer."

"You interest me," said Wilkinson, "go ahead."

Jimmy drew his chair nearer the great man.

"Suppose," he said, "we build a theatre—"

"You mean, *I* build a theatre."

"We agree on that point at least. Very well, *you* build a theatre. The question is, what shall we produce?"

"Tragedy," said Wilkinson, promptly. "I was always strong for tragedy."

"No—it won't do. You forget that coal has advanced during the winter, and there has been a waiters' strike. People don't want to see biography at a theatre."

"True—well, then, comedy."

"Don't you know that the people have seen so much comedy in the political campaign that there's no use in trying it?"

"I believe you're right," said Wilkinson. "Well, why not try musical comedy—burlesque?"

"Good! Tell me why you think so."

"In the first place, because the youth of America are already educated to it, Mr. Cozzens—and after that—I suppose the scenic effects are restful to tired business men."

"You've hit it," said Jimmy. "Now, sir, what's the most popular feature of musical comedy?"

"The chorus," replied Wilkinson instantly.

"Correct. Well, sir, my plan is to produce musical comedy at the lowest possible cost. There will be no high-salaried stars; chorus girls can be had for eighteen dollars a week; and we will stage burlesques of which the cast will be composed entirely of chorus girls."

"My dear man," said Wilkinson, allowing his cigar to go out unheeded, "I wotted not that you were a genius. Tell me more!"

Jimmy beamed; it was easier than he had hoped.

"In the first place, we'll have the unqualified support of the Progressive party. As you probably know, they're so tired of monologues that they'll flock in droves to a place where there's nothing but a chorus—a literal *vox populi*. We'll have all the college boys with us, too, and with Progressives and college boys for a start, our success is a matter of days."

"How so?"

"Because," said Jimmy easily, "when the undergraduates begin to haunt our doors, they'll attract upwards of a hundred thousand uneducated young men with

money who want to mingle with collegians in the hope of appearing like them. The Progressives will bring their wives—the collegians will bring their admirers, and society will besiege the box office."

Wilkinson relighted his cigar with trembling fingers.

"Go on!" he said hoarsely, "I would know more."

"Very well. We'll have nothing but a chorus, so that the expense will be small to start. Then we'll have no author's or librettist's royalties to pay—"

"Why not?"

"Dear Mr. Wilkinson," said Jimmy patiently, "did you ever hear a chorus sing the words of its songs so that you could understand even a single line?"

The financier shook his head.

"We'll start 'em in with one of Henry James' novels," said Jimmy. "Following that, we'll put on the message to Congress, and we can make a wonderful finale out of the editorials in the *Press*. It won't cost us a cent, and the public won't know the difference."

"But—costumes?"

"Nothing simpler," said Jimmy.

"Lighting?"

"Oh, I forgot that. You see, instead of having the conventional lighting system we'll have the theatre illuminated with electric advertising signs. I have eleven contracts in my pocket—all colors. Most of them are as elaborate as moving pictures, and if the audience tires of the chorus they can look at the signs."

"Go on," said Wilkinson in low, passionate tones.

"The schedule of prices is unique," explained Jimmy

"The first row seats cost a quarter—"

"What!"

"Exactly; and each seat has it's price plainly marked on the back. The second row is half a dollar, and each row from there on costs a quarter more until the thirteenth, after which everything is four dollars. There are a hundred rows."

"But—only millionaires can afford to sit in the back rows!"

"You don't know society!" retorted Jimmy. "After the first night you'll never see a soul further forward than the tenth row. Society can't afford *not* to sit in the rear at those prices."

"But—the boxes!"

"The boxes are of two kinds, Mr. Wilkinson. Those from which one can see the stage are ten dollars a seat; those from which one can't see anything, but in which it is impossible not to be seen by the entire audience are twenty dollars a seat. They'll all be taken for every performance."

"How do you figure that?"

"Easy enough. Real society will pay twenty dollars to be seen; imitation society will pay ten in the impression that they're being exclusive."

"Marvellous!" said the capitalist. "I—" He reached for his check book, and hesitated. "One thing more, Mr. Cozzens—the speculators."

"I'm glad you mentioned it—I have a new system. The schedule of prices is over the box office, of course, and there will always be plenty of twenty-five-cent seats,

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which no one will want. All others will be sold by uniformed speculators on the sidewalk, each one sworn in as a special policeman. In the morning papers each day will be published a list of those who bought tickets from these speculators, and appended there will be a list of clubs in which each purchaser holds membership, and a description of his wife's costume."

"But the cost of the advertising?"

Jimmy laughed aloud.

"You forget, sir," he said, "that most advertisers insist that their copy be placed alongside pure reading matter. With the graft probe, and scandals, the money trust, and all the other disturbances here in town, there's no more pure reading matter printed. The newspapers will actually *pay* us space rates for these lists, and run them as news in order to protect their advertising contracts, and every advertiser will be fighting for a position next to our list."

"My dear man," said Wilkinson, hastily scribbling a check in seven figures, "you can have my backing to any amount. There's only one question I'd like to ask —where did you get the wonderful experience that you must have had to conceive this idea?"

"Why, Mr. Wilkinson," said Jimmy heartily, "I've never had any experience at all. "I've lived in a suburb for ten years, that's all, and my wife is fond of the theatre. Do you understand?"

The financier's tears were tears of joy.

Where do *you* live?

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